# THE PORT FOLIO.

## *BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.*

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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[The public attention will be again willingly directed to a continuation of Mr. Tracy's speech. If the scheme should ultimately prevail, against which he has directed the potency of Reason and Truth, the Federal Constitution, the Union, Concord and Quiet of America, are nothing but phantoms.]

## ELOQUENCE OF THE AMERICAN SENATE.

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### CONTINUATION OF MR. TRACY'S SPEECH,

On the amendment of the Constitution,

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Friday, December 2, 1803,

There are some other points of light, in which I wish to place the subject before us.

The constitution is of recent date; it was formed by the mutual concessions of conflicting parties, and balanced with a view to the security of all. Experience alone can test its utility, and time and practice discover its faults. It is a sound position that you should never attempt an alteration in an instrument so complicated, and calculated to serve so many various and opposite interests, without being able, by the test of experiment, to discern clearly the necessity of alteration, and without a moral certainty, that the change shall not only remove an existing evil, but that it shall not produce any itself. The article in the constitution establishing the mode of electing a chief magistrate; and which is now proposed to be altered, was undoubtedly one of the most difficult parts of the whole, at its formation. I am convinced, sir, that the public mind is not sufficiently impressed with the difficulty of adopting, not only an unexceptionable, but even a tolerable and practicable mode of electing a chief magistrate; possessing such important and extensive powers, as are constitutionaliy vested in the President of the United States. An attempt to detail the number and magnitude of his powers, to this Senate, would be impertinent: But it must and will be acknowledged by all, that the President is vested with powers vastly extensive and important, and that he will bring with him into the government more or less of state politics and state prejudices, and these facts, to which may be added the probability that he will be taken from a large state, must have increased the difficulties of the convention, in fixing on a mode of choice.

How often have contests, wars and bloodshed, the destruction of confederacies, of liberty, and of vast portions of the human race, arisen from the election of chief magistrates? When we consider that the powers vested in a President of this union, are sufficiently important to excite the avarice and ambition of the human heart, its two most active principles, to gain possession of the office, when we consider the difference of sentiment, habit and interest in this country; state pride, and state jealousy, which could never be laid asleep; the difficulties of fixing upon a proper mode of election, must be almost infinitely multiplied. And yet this article is now selected for alteration. All the amendments which have been hitherto adopted, went to some general explanation, upon very general principles, not changing, but rather expounding the constitution.

This, as I have before said, is taking up the most difficult and the most important article in the constitution, both in relation to rights and principles. But it is said that experience has shown us the necessity of an alteration in this article; that an evil has been found in practice to grow out of the constitutional provision, which calls imperiously for a remedy.

At the last election of President, two persons had an equal number of votes, and that number was a majority of the votes of all the electors appointed, which circumstance gave the house of representatives a constitutional right to select one of them for President. In exercising this constitutional right, they voted by states, and there was at first a division, no choice being made until the sixth day; when an election was effected, of the very man whom the great states, and the advocates of this resolution, wished.

It ought to be noted here, that although they voted by states, yet it happened, in this division, that a majority, in point of numbers, voted for the person President, who eventually became Vice-President. As to intrigue, by either of the candidates, or by their friends, I know of none; the sentiments and conduct of the Vice-President, as published, were perfectly fair and honourable, containing a declaration of his wishes not to stand in the way of the other candidate.

After the view of the constitution which we have taken, and comparing this fact, or set of facts, with the provisions for electing a President, we shall really be at a loss to find out the mighty evil, which the experience of this election has discovered, and which is said to call so imperiously for a remedy. But the advocates of this resolution have had the goodness to put their finger on the spot. They say, that in the certificates of the electors, Mr. Jefferson's name stood first; this is called a sort of record testimony, and in addition, some, if not all the electors, said they meant to elect Mr. Jefferson President, and Mr. Burr Vice-President; and this is declared to be the *public will*, expressed by the constitutional organ, the electors. Notwithstanding this expression of the *public will*, say the gentlemen, a large portion of the house of representatives withstood and opposed the *public will*, for the space of six days, and wilfully voted for the man to be President, who, they knew by the evidence just mentioned, was meant to be Vice-President only. One gentleman (Mr. Wright) has said, that if he had been then a member of that house, possessing such sentiments upon the subject, as he now does; such voting would in him have amounted to the crime of perjury, or words to the same effect; I mean to quote his ideas, as expressed, and believe I have given nearly his very words.

And it is added, that thus there was imminent danger of a person being imposed upon the United States as chief magistrate, who was not originally intended for that high office, and that *civil war must have been the consequence*. And, as is common in such cases, the picture is filled, in the back ground, with brother raising his murderous hand against brother, father against son, and with an afflicting group of et ceteras: and to avoid a repetition of this *tremendous crisis*, as it is called, the present resolution, it is said, must pass.

Let this statement of facts be kept in view, while we examine the duties assigned by the constitution to the several agents concerned. The duty of the electors is precisely defined. They are each to bring forward two candidates fully qualified for President, because they cannot know at the time of giving their ballots, upon which the choice will fall. The circumstance of two having a majority, and both being equal in number of votes, is an expression of the *public will*, through the only constitutional organ, by which, in this case, the *public will* can be expressed, that both had the requisite qualifications. The public will, then, was in this instance clearly and unequivocally expressed, by a constitutional, and a numerical majority, that both candidates were worthy of the office; but here the expression of the public will ceased, and which of these two should be the President, was now to be decided by another constitutional organ, that is by the house of representatives voting by states.

The framers of the constitution so intended, and the people who adopted it have so ordained, that *their will* in this case should be expressed by a majority of the states, acting by their representation in the house of representatives. This right of selection, is a right complete in itself, to be exercised by these second electors; uninfluenced by any extraneous consideration, and governed only by their own sense of propriety and rectitude. The opinion of the people had been expressed, by the electors, but it only reached a certain point, and then was totally silent as to which of the two should be President, and their sense upon this point could only be collected, through their constitutional organ, the house of representatives, voting by states. Any interference of the first electors, or of an individual or individuals, must be informal and improper. The advice of sensible and candid men, as in every other case, might be useful; but could have no binding force whatever. The first electors had no right to choose a Vice-President. To claim it was overstepping their duty, and arrogating to themselves a power, not given, nor meant to be given to them by the constitution.

If there is any thing in this whole transaction, which has the most distant appearance of a breach of duty, it was in the electors, by attempting to designate, and by exercising the important office of an elector, under the influence of improper motives; that is, by officiously attempting to decide the question, which of the two persons was proper for Vice-President, which they were constitutionally incompetent to decide. By this conduct they attempted to break down an important guard provided by the constitution, and improperly to release themselves from its obliga-

tions, which made it their duty to select two men qualified to be President. But if there can be a shadow of reason in this claim of the electors, to designate under the present constitutional regulations, of which, to doubt, seems to be so heinous, what necessity can there be for this amendment? The object of the amendment, or certainly its chief object is to establish the designating principle; but why this, if it can already be effected by the simple mode of placing one name first on the ballot, which is so easy to be done, that it can scarcely be avoided? And if done, by the doctrine of gentlemen, it is so far binding on the house of representatives that if they even doubt, they are damned?

The fact certainly was, that at the last election, the great states brought forward the two candidates; they were both of the same political sentiments; this, they had a constitutional right to do; but it now seems that their language to the small states was; 'because you will not give up your constitutional rights to us, and let us go on and designate, we will stir up a civil war, and lay the blame to you. And of this improper conduct of ours we will take the advantage, and obtain an alteration of the constitution, which will hereafter gratify us in every respect.' A gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Smith.) has said that he heard, though he could not prove it, that the federal majority at the time of the last election, contemplated making a law, authorizing or appointing some person to act as President, in case no choice had been made by the house of representatives. I was then, sir, a member of the government, and know nothing of such a project, it might have been so, but supposing it was, what then? Why says the gentleman, the person thus appointed could not have kept his head on his shoulders 24 hours; and this would have made a civil war. If the majority now should contemplate a measure, which the constitution does not authorize, as it clearly did not authorize the measure suspected by the gentleman, though he cannot prove it; the best thing in the world for them to do, would be to give it up, without any attempt to effect it, as it seems the federal majority did. But what argument all this can afford in favour of the amendment, or why it was mentioned, in this debate, is beyond my comprehension. In the result of the last election, the great states and the ruling political party, were certainly gratified, and there does not appear the least reasonable ground of complaint against the small states, in the use of their constitutional rights on the occasion. All support therefore to the amendment, drawn from that transaction, must fail.

I have said, that the article fixing the mode of electing a chief magistrate was, from its nature, attended with many difficulties. A more strict inquiry into the constitutional mode, and a comparison of it, in some other and more particular points, with the proposed alteration, will be useful in forming an opinion of their relative merits.

As the constitution stands, each elector is to write the names of two persons on a piece of paper, called a ballot. Either of the two persons thus voted for may be the President, and the elector cannot know which; this affords the most powerful inducement to vote for two, both of whom are qualified for the very important office. For it is not only uncertain upon whom the choice will fall at first, but the one remaining, will certainly be President, upon any contingency which shall remove or incapacitate the first. The convention seem to have selected a mode of proceeding the most simple, the least liable to accident, and the best calculated to insure the main object that is, that both should be really worthy of the trust. If one candidate wishes to make interest with the electors, as each must vote for two, it will be impossible for bribery or intrigue to succeed; for, without corrupting the whole or certainly many more than half, he may be defeated by the other candidate on the ballot. This is, perhaps, the most effectual bar to intrigue, that was ever contrived; for, unless all, or a great proportion of the electors are corrupted, an extreme case of depravity not probable in any country, intrigue can have no assurance of success. The danger and difficulty, which must always attend such an important election, as that of chief magistrate of the United States, was meant to be avoided, by diminishing the chances of its frequent recurrence. So two persons are placed in a condition to act as President in succession, to prevent both the evils, of a vacancy, and of a recurrence of choice more frequently than once in four years. And it seems merely incidental to this second person, to be called Vice-President, and neither the first nor second description of electors can have any right to vote for him as such, indeed he can have no existence till the first character is designated and then seems to be discovered, not elected. The Senate, in case of an equal number of votes for two or more remaining persons, after the President is elected, are vested with authority to choose a Vice-President, for as such he is to preside over this body, and this body therefore seems to be the only constitutional organ to designate him. Both the other descriptions of electors have nothing to do with such a character or office; but are confined to act with a single reference to the character and office of President; and are trusted with no power to give any opinion of the character or qualifications of a Vice-President. And it is remarkable, that there are no appropriate qualifications made necessary by the constitution, for a Vice President; but every qualification has reference to President. There is another important feature in this part of the constitution. It was known by the convention, that in this country, in common with all others, where there is freedom of opinion and of speech, there would be parties. They likewise knew, that the intolerance of the major, or ruling sect and political party, was frequently exercised upon the minor party; and that the rights of the minority ought to be protected to them.

As well then, to secure the rights of the minority, as to check the intolerance of the majority, they placed the majority in jeopardy if they should attempt at grasping all the benefits of a President and Vice-President within themselves, to the total exclusion of the minority. This very case which happened at the last election was contemplated, in which the majority attempted totally to exclude the minority from any participation. The language of the constitution to such majorities is, 'take care that you aim not at too much, for if you do, it is put into the power of the minority to check you, and by a judicious disposition of their few votes, determine the choice of President.' To avoid this event the majority will probably be cautious in the exercise of power; and thus the rights, the proper weight and influence of a minority are secured against the conduct of the majority, which is certainly liable to be intolerant and oppressive. In this respect the spirit of the constitution is, political moderation. And it is clear to my mind, that the experience of the last election has taught a lesson to all majorities, which will in future completely secure them from again incurring a similar risk. I recollect well, that it was thought probable, when the electoral votes were given, that Mr. Burr would have a vote or two, in some of the eastern states. If he had received but one, he would have been by an electoral choice, the constitutional President. If the majority in future have the powers of recollection, they will undoubtedly avoid the evil, if it is one, which happened at the last election, with such unfailing certainty, that there will be no need of the remedy proposed by the amendment. But the majority say, if their votes are so scattered for one candidate as to avoid this danger, that another will be incurred; and that is, the minority will elect a Vice-President. The language of the constitution to them, is again, 'that this was meant as a security for the minority against the majority.' But the majority exclaim against both these provisions, as very unreasonable indeed: 'what,' say they, 'are minorities to govern majorities?' The answer of the constitution is 'no, but their due weight and influence shall be secured to them, and the danger of your intolerance guarded against.' For the security of small states and minorities, there is, in the constitution a mixture of the federative with the popular principles. And as it is well known that, when popular majorities alone prevail, and exercise power uncontrolled by constitutional checks, the minorities, who generally possess their proportion of integrity and virtue, are overwhelmed, and liberty itself, by the same means, destroyed; so it is in kindness to both parties, to the country and to humanity, that these wholesome checks are constitutionally provided. Had the majority, or the great states, been willing, fairly to have submitted to the constitutional checks in the last election, no evil could have happened. And it is remarkable that the constitution completely protects them, as long as they obey its precepts, in the creation of which they had an agency, and to which they have solemnly agreed. To prove that I am correct in these ideas, I not only refer to the constitution but to the secretary of state (Mr. Madison). In the Virginia debates, vol. I. page 96, he says, 'But on a candid examination of history, we shall find that turbulence, violence and abuse of power, by the *majority trampling on the rights of the minority*, have produced factions and commotions which, in republics, have more frequently than any other cause produced despotism. If we go over the whole history of ancient and modern republics, we shall find their destruction to have generally resulted from those causes. If we consider the peculiar situation of the United States, and what are the resources of that diversity of sentiments which pervades its inhabitants, we shall find great danger that the same causes may terminate here, in the same fatal effects, which they produced in those republics. This danger ought to be wisely guarded against: Perhaps, in the progress of this discussion it will appear, that the only possible remedy for those evils, and means of preserving and protecting the principles of republicanism, will be found in that very system, which is now exclaimed against as the parent of oppression.'

Mr. President, it has often been said by the discerning and judicions of this and other countries, that our constitution, for its brevity, its comprehensiveness, its perspicuity, and the political skill contained in it, was the best state paper extant. I believe all this, and even more is a tribute justly due to its merits; and I am persuaded that the article which fixes a mode for the choice of a chief magistrate, stands most prominent among its excellencies.

Let us now, sir, examine and compare the merits of the amendment with a special reference to this last view we have taken of the constitutional provision.

The amendment authorizes the electors to vote for a President, and for a Vice-President by specific designation. Is ambition in your country? Here is a direct and inviting object for its operations.

Is the integrity of your electors assailable? You place it here in the most encouraging attitude for an assault. A fear of detection, and a sense of shame, upon the exposure of an improper action, has been, perhaps, a better security against political errors or crimes, than all the moral virtues united, when the temptation has been attended with an impossibility of detection. An intrigue with an elector, can be carried on without much danger of detection; but when your election is carried into the house of representatives, besides the ordinary weight of character in favour of the members of that house, a detection of an intrigue with a candidate is almost certain. It will be recollected, that at the last election, two or three members held the choice perfectly in their own hands. If I mistake not, three gentlemen, that is, a member from New-Jersey, a member from Vermont, and one from either Maryland, Delaware, or Tennessee, could have given a President to the United States. The particular gentlemen mentioned were above suspicion of bribery; but in addition to this circumstance, if they had in the contest, gone over, from improper motives, or under the influence of bribery, a detection was certain.

This will remain forever, the criterion, as it respects the relative danger of intrigue and bribery, in the two modes of choice. And the amendment is avowedly intended to secure a choice by electors, and to prevent a resort to the house; because says the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Taylor,) 'If you permit the election to go into the house, there, are small states, and minorities, and all the evils of a diet election;' meaning, that corruption must be the consequence. But he says, 'let there be a divided election, by the electors, meeting by states separately, and you lessen the tendency to corruption.' This may look plausible in theory, but I think practice will show its fallacy.

It may be better for the electors to meet by states, than for all to be together, but this can never prove that they are less liable to corruption than the house of representatives; which is the only point in question.

The manner of electing the Vice-President, as proposed by the amendment, not only invites ambition to an unchecked operation; but exposes us to the selection of a less important, and more unfit person, than the constitutional provision. In addition to his importance in the government arising from his incidental succession to the chief magistracy, the Vice-President is ex officio, President of the Senate, and gives a direct influence, to the state from which he is chosen, of a third vote in this body, in all cases of equal division, which are usually the cases of most importance. Besides, his influence as presiding officer is, perhaps, more than equal to the right of a vote. It becomes therefore peculiarly important to the small states, and to minorities, whose security rests in this body, not only that their influence in the election of Vice-President should not be diminished; but that no measure be adopted, which may tend to bestow the office upon an unworthy character. By the proposed amendment, this character must necessarily become a sort of make-weight, and stepping-stone for the Presidency.—As in recruiting for an army, a man, active, and of a particular cast of character, but not very proper for a commander in chief, is employed to obtain recruits, and upon condition that he obtains a given number, is to be rewarded with a sergeant's warrant; so in this case, the man who can procure a given number of votes for President, will be encouraged to hope for the Vice-Presidency; and where will such characters be sought after? In Delaware or Rhode-Island? No sir, but in the great states; there the recruiting talents will be put in operation, because the number of recruits, or votes, will be sufficient to test his active and recruiting merits. And thus the office of Vice-President will be sent to market, with hardly a possible chance to meet an honest purchaser.

[To be continued.]

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*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

### CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE OF PASCAL.

[We resume the very interesting biography of Pascal, and call the attention of every curious reader to the history of the origin and character of the celebrated Provincial Letters. We understand that this admirable work, like many other transcendant productions of the *old* school, in France, is very scarce in America. This is to be lamented, both as it respects good taste and pure morals. While we are overloaded, and oppressed, and smothered with an enormous load of the infamous productions of the French revolution; while our heads are insulted, and our ears deafened, with the vile doctrines, and Vandal jargon of the jacobins and atheists of an accursed republic, we lack much of the wisdom and wit of the fairest epoche in Gallic history. The style and sentiment of Pascal are as *apples of gold set in pictures of silver*. The idiom of the traitors and mountebanks of 1792 is corrupt, like their principles, and base as their origin.]

The school, in which he had received his instructions, on the contested topics, naturally connected him with the monastery of Port-Royal, the focus of Jansenism, and of opposition to the Jesuits. It was in defence of the Port Royal doctors, and their opinions that he wrote the *Provincial Letters*, which have sustained to this day their rank as the most elegant and accomplished models of fine writing, in the French language. They are eighteen in number, and were successively published, from the 23d of January 1654, to the 24th of March 1657. The occasion upon which they were written was this.

Dr. Arnauld, in one of his controversial writings, on the subject of Jansenism, had advanced two propositions, which the Jesuits had denounced, in Sorbonne, as incompatible with the orthodox faith, and as implicitly calling in question the infallibility of the Pope. The assembly consisted of about two hundred doctors, divided almost equally between the two parties, but where the Jesuits had a small majority. Arnauld's two propositions, therefore, were censured, and he was formally expelled from the faculty. This censure of the Sorbonne, and their proceedings upon which it was founded, were, however, so entirely dictated and guided by the spirit of party, that the common forms of proceeding were not even observed, and Arnauld found himself reduced to the necessity of entering a protest against the whole process. A few days before the sentence was passed, Pascal, at the request of Arnauld, wrote, in the form of a letter to a friend in the country, a statement of the case, shewing that the questions upon which the controversy turned were trivial in their nature; that Arnauld's opinion was supported by that of the most eminent fathers of the church. That his adversaries differed much more widely from one another, upon the very points in dispute, than from him, and that their prosecution of his opinions was influenced more by personal enmity and rancour, than by sincere objections against his doctrines. This letter was published a few days before the condemnation of Arnauld's propositions, and, perhaps, rather provoked than averted it. The style of the letter, however, as well as the subject and the time of its publication, secured to it a rapid and extensive circulation. Encouraged by this success, and exasperated by the sentence against his friend, Pascal followed up the first publication by three other letters, successively published in the course of a month. They exposed to public contempt the proceedings of the Jesuits, in the condemnation of Arnauld, and they were written with so much correctness and elegance of language, with such clearness and perspicuity, with such force of reasoning, with such gentleness of manner, and such pungency of satire in substance, that they were universally read, and admired by all but those against whom they were pointed. Their party, however, continued to be the most powerful, and Pascal, after having concluded, in these first four letters, the defence of his friend Arnauld, determined to carry the war into the territories of the enemy, and put the Jesuits themselves upon the defensive. At the close of the fourth letter, he alluded slightly to the looseness of their system of morality, and promised to give some account of it from their own writers. This he accordingly did in six letters, published in about as many months; for his extraordinary success had stimulated instead of relaxing his labours, and he took much more time, and pains in the composition of these, than he had of the first letters. The last eight were addressed to the Jesuits themselves, and principally consist of replies to the answers published by them, or in their behalf. The whole eighteen were soon collected and published under the fictitious name of Louis de Montalte, and with the title of Provincial Letters, by which they have ever since been known. They were so called from their purporting to have been addressed to a *provincial* friend, or gentleman in the country.

These letters are considered, by all the most illustrious names in the French literature, as having formed a memorable era in the history of the language. It may, perhaps, be said that they formed one in the history of mankind. Bossuet upon being asked what work he should prefer to have written, rather than any other in the language, answered, the Provincial Letters. Boileau, the most discerning critic that France ever produced, and whose admiration of the antient classics is well known, always acknowledged, that this work was without a model or a rival in the treasures of antiquity. Voltaire, in his Age of Louis XIV, says, that, from the publication of these letters, must be dated the period when the French language became fixed. In the course of an hundred and fifty years not a word in them has become obsolete, and they are still considered as uniting every species of eloquence, with all the sober usefulness of a moral treatise, and all the lively graces of a comedy. The only performances in English literature, which can bear any comparison with them are the Letters of Junius. A parallel between these two master-pieces might be drawn, at once instructive and amusing, but would not here be in its place. The result would, in almost every respect, be to the honour of Pascal.

The influence of this extraorninary book upon the history of the world, is by its effect in giving the stroke of death to one of the most formidable institutions that ever was formed among men: the society of the Jesuits. This effect was not, indeed, immediate. The thunders of the church were in their hands; the despotic sceptre of Louis the 14th was under their controul. The pope, the French council of state, parliaments, and bishops, fulminated anathemas, sentences, and decrees against the Provincial Letters, as a defamatory libel. But the Jesuits never could answer its accusations. From that period, their systems of morals have been the scorn and fable of mankind, and when, at length, after the lapse of more than a century, they were abandoned by the arm of power, they fell, unpitied, the victims of that odium, which, perhaps, they no longer deserved.

The author of the Provincial Letters was destined to exhibit a proof of the weakness, as well as of the strength of the human mind. He

had been instructed in his infancy, to adopt in its utmost latitude, the axiom of the church, in which he was educated, to consider every article of faith as above the jurisdiction of human reason, and as commanding the most implicit submission. His belief in *miracles*, therefore, was not confined to those authenticated in the Scriptures—he gave his unqualified assent to all those, which the catholic doctrines prescribe to their sectaries, and had no doubt of his having witnessed more than one himself. With the purest system of morals, recognised by that church, he had adopted many of its most unreasonable austerities. He believed the duties of religion to be so irreconcileable with the pleasures, and even with the business and duties of social life, that he abstained from a matrimonial connection, and from the pursuit of an official station, which he had contemplated, under the conscientious impression, that the concerns of this world must all be sacrificed to the prospects of the next. Actuated by these principles, so pernicious by their effects, and so dangerous by their resemblance to the sublimest virtue, he prevailed upon his youngest sister to renounce the world, and to enter into the religious sisterhood at Port-Royal. He retired to one of the solitary cells, belonging to that monastery, himself. He assumed, as the foundation of his piety, the imaginary duty of renouncing every pleasure, of denying himself every superfluity; and severely condemned himself for the innocent relaxations and amusements in which he had before indulged for the restoration of his health. Exhausted by incessant application, emaciated by long continued abstinence, and sublimated to the ecstacies of enthusiasm, by solitude, and the fire of imagination, strained beyond the tone of mortal endurance, he became subject to a degree of nervous irritation, which produced a partial alienation of mind. In October 1654, as he was riding in a carriage, with four horses, the two foremost took a fright, and leaped off from a bridge, which was not guarded by a railing, into the river. The tackling fortunately broke, and left the carriage on the bridge. But, in the feeble and languishing condition of his health, he was so much affected by the extreme danger he was in, that he was with difficulty recovered from a long fainting fit. The impression of this accident upon his nervous system was so violent, that he was ever after in continual alarm from the apprehension of a precipice, which he fancied at his side. This was likewise probably the occasion of a vision, which he had about a month afterwards. Of this he kept an obscure and indistinct account, written on parchment, which, after his death, was found sewed within the lining of his coat. With a number of broken sentences, detached words, and remarkable characters, it contained a more intelligible memorandum, to this effect, 'Year of our Lord 1654, Monday 23. November—St. Clement's day—from about half past ten at night, until about half an hour after midnight. God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob; and not of philosophers and men of learning.' This singular minute is sufficiently clear to indicate the state of his mind, and the subject in which it was absorbed. To humble the pride of the human intellect, let it be remembered, that its date is fifteen months earlier than the first of the Provincial Letters—That, when those beautiful models of controversial eloquence were composed, their author was in the same mental habits, which had produced this creature 'of imagination all compact;' and that those habits continued strengthening and increasing upon him until his death.

In the angry controversies between the Port-Royalists and the Jesuits, the former had an unquestionable superiority of talents, and the advantage of a better cause; but their antagonists had a weight of credit and influence, more than sufficient to counterbalance them, and the Jansenists often found themselves under the necessity of appealing to the test of miracles for support. On the twenty-fourth of March 1656, a niece of Pascal, a young girl, then residing at Port-Royal for education, and afflicted with a fistula lacrymalis, by touching a precious relic, which had just been obtained, a thorn from the crown worn by Jesus Christ at the crucifiction, was instantly and completely cured. No miracle at the grave of the Abbe Paris was more substantially authenticated. The physicians and surgeons, who had attended the girl, gave certificates of this extraordinary cure, and it was put beyond all question, by a regular ecclesiastical process, under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Paris. In all this there is nothing but what can easily be accounted for. But when we are told that Pascal was a witness of the fact; that he firmly believed it; that it was the occasion upon which he wrote most of his *Thoughts upon Miracles*, we should deem it as incredible as the tale itself, were there not numerous other examples of minds in the most elevated rank of human capacity, laid prostrate and impotent at the feet of superstition.

The Thoughts upon Miracles, were only the materials of a larger work he intended to compose, the object of which was to vindicate the christian religion against the objections of atheism and infidelity; a work which, had it been accomplished, would have borne the marks of that profound and sublime genius, which conceived and dictated the Provincial Letters, but which probably would have been deeply tinged with the infirmities, which made him give credit to the miracle of the holy thorn.

[*To be Continued.*]

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*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## THE LAY PREACHER.

'Neither give place to the Devil.'

In a didactic exhortation to the Ephesians, the most eloquent orator, and the greatest moralist, among the apostles, introduces this judicious caution against the danger of giving a reception to one of the most plausible, insidious, and yet profligate characters, of which history makes any mention.

A dignified author, though not a bishop, has somewhere asserted, that the devil goes about in more pleasing shapes, than that of *a roaring lion*. It is, at those seasons, my readers, when this personage is disguised, or attired in agreeable array, that we should guard against his wiles. If he never assailed us, except when clad in that tremendous coat of mail, given him by the calvinistic divines, neither St. Paul, nor a more modern moralist would caution you against giving him place. If none but John Bunyan's devil appeared to us, I fancy, that to saucer eyes, a cloven foot, and a dragon's tail, not even a hardened sinner would open his gate. But, when satan chooses to walk to and fro, in masquerade, through the world, his deformities, all hidden, either by a broad mantle, or a flowing robe, then he allures the eye, then he fires the fancy, then he taints the heart.

Now, as we are not ignorant of his devices, and as Moses, an old authentic historian, has apprized us of his subtlety, it may be useful to those, who rashly judge of characters from appearance, to describe some of the most common shapes, which the tempter assumes. Hence, without a very laborious process in reasoning, it may soon be discovered that many of the most common and favourite objects of pursuit are the *devil*.

A bag of money, for instance, if we seek it in company with integrity and industry, is a harmless and useful acquisition. But when avarice advises to dig, knavery to undermine, and ambition to soar for it, the possessor will find a cloven foot *in the sack's mouth*, instead of the *cup* of *Benjamin*.

A well known poet once exclaimed, 'O grant me *honest* fame, or grant me none.' For this kind of reputation all should be anxious. Without a good name, man would be *poor indeed*. But, when greedy of applause, we hunt after it in pathless ways, at the expense of morals and health. When a drunkard thinks to gain it from an ocean of liquour, or a sensualist by keeping seven hundred concubines, when a fop imagines it attached to tawdry clothes, when a fanatic prays to acquire it from the destruction of the church, or a malecontent from the subversion of the state, in all these cases, men are actually striving to give place to the devil.

When a factious partizan wishes that liberty should be metamorphosed to licentiousness; when he surveys the administration, or reads the speeches, of WASHINGTON, and, then, has the effrontery to pronounce him a Catiline, or a Cæsar. When he defames ADAMS, as a tyrant; JAY, as a parasite; PICKERING, as a defaulter; and HAMILTON, as a stock-jobber, he is blind to the noon-tide ray, the moon beams have glowed intensely on his crazy head, *he is mad, and hath a devil*.

There has lately arisen, in America, a new sect in philosophy, stiled *speculators*, not very intense thinkers, but yet, contradictory as it may seem, absorbed in *speculation*. Like LOCKE, and other profound metaphysicians, they are more conversant with ideas, than with reality. Like an insane mendicant, who sometimes solicits charity at my door, they are perpetually vaunting of vast possessions in land, and muttering about titles, grants, and charters. I have been inclined to think they are allied to the noble family of gypsies and jugglers, from the variety and adroitness of their tricks, by slight of hand. I have turned over at least ten different dictionaries, to find a definition of the word speculation, and after fruitless attempts, I am obliged to frame one myself, and conclude that it means, the sale of a *cloud*, for a valuable consideration. Therefore, as a grave and scriptural author declares Satan to be 'the prince of the power of the air,' we may regularly infer that all transactions of this nature are within his jurisdiction, and that speculators give place to the *devil*.

If a youth, of ardent temperament, and acute sensibility, spy a Syren, whose eyes flash wantonness, and whose hands beckon with a *turn* in *hither, I beseech thee;* let him beware of her enchantments, though the roses seem to glow on her cheek, and though her tongue drops the manna of persuasion. Though her couch may be covered with *tapestry* and *fine linen of Egypt*, though she is impudent of face, and *subtil* of *heart*, and, though *perfumed with myrrh and cinnamon*, let him not give scope to lawless desire; *neither give place to this devil*.

The fair sex display, in general, such admirable taste and judgment in the choice of their favourites, it is hardly credible that a being, so ungracious and sooty, as Satan, could find any quarter from their delicacy. But I am assured by one, who has 'looked on the world for four times seven years,' and who is well versed in the ways and wiles of women, that when they scold for hours a worthy husband, or display unreasonable caprice and coquetry to a deserving lover, they not only give place to the *devil*, but frequently prevent his visit, and act the part of the fiend themselves.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following remarks be not too incorrect for the Press, by inserting them in the Port Folio, you will add to the favours conferred on an occasional correspondent.

### ON VANITY.

Among the many writers on epidemic disease, I do not find one who has condescended to treat of Vanity; it is at least as prevalent as yellow fever in Philadelphia.

Vanity attacks, chiefly, persons in the prime of life, but age does not exempt us from it. I have known many elderly females, (especially the unmarried), afflicted with this malady.

Of young persons, those who are rich, handsome, or superficially learned, are generally vain. I would fain believe it confined to our own sex, but fear I am warranted, by my observations, in not excluding the fair sex from participating in our calamity.

Its symptoms I need not be particular in describing. They appear in a marked contempt for the learning, talents, and accomplishments of others, and a decided preference for our own. Egotism is vanity without fear of detection, and is really less censurable than when it is concealed. A desire to extort praise, is a very common symptom of vanity, discovered by disclaiming it, in order that it may be repeated. The symptoms of this malady are so numerous, that, to include an account of them, would far exceed the limits of an essay.

An important inquiry presents itself here. Is vanity innate in the human breast, or does it proceed from a habit of associating, with all our actions, an idea that they are praise-worthy? I am rather inclined to adopt the latter opinion, for several reasons: in particular, if it were present in the breast of every man, we should probably find its objects more uniform; something generous, noble, or useful, would be its objects, but the very reverse of this is the case. Men are vain of the most ungenerous, ignoble, useless actions, as seduction, gaming, dress, &c. The objects of vanity are as different as the characters of men. Tom Tinder is vain of his courage and honour, and a man who questions either, must blow his brains out. His cousin Simper is vain of his person—he has a good leg, fine teeth, whiskers à la mode, and is five feet nine. With these qualifications, he conceives himself the best looking man in every company; and I frequently hear him excuse his foppery by Chesterfield's trite remark, that 'a good appearance is a letter of recommendation.' Personal vanity is very common. Many fashions owe their origin to it—witness bare elbows in bleak December! My old tutor, Dr. Omicron, is excessively vain of his ancient literature; he often tells me I shall find every thing worthy a wise man's attention in the works of Plato, Aristotle, and a number of worthy old writers, with whom I have not the vanity to suppose myself acquainted.

Now, from the above cases of the prevailing disease, and many others, I infer, that its proximate cause, as I before stated, is an improper association of praise with our own actions. That which I know best, or do best, I wish to have every one think best to be done or known. We see this evinced very strongly in sportsmen. Ned Wilding would persuade me that every virtue is centered in leaping a five barred gate, and being in at the death of a fox. There can be no doubt that, in all the above cases, had this passion, (for habit almost fixes it into a passion), been directed to noble objects, the above characters had been much more respectable.

From all that has been said above, the indications of cure readily present themselvs. 1st, We should subdue that inordinate fondness for actions not in themselves laudable; and, secondly, direct our attention, from excelling in trivial accomplishments, to improving the good qualities of the head and heart.

Should any of your readers find advantage from my advice, I fear it will add much to the vanity of your humble servant,

GALENICUS.

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*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

*Madrid, April* 22, 1780.

*Dear Sir,*

I have received all the letters you mention, except the one, which hath been the occasion of so much pain to you, and which hath excited a sensation in my breast, by no means agreeable, if one letter from a friend to me, is interrupted in France, many more may be, my conduct towards individuals of the nation, and my gratitude to the nation, shown in every instance, of my private and public life, since I have known it, made me hope, that, at this period, any correspondence carried on by me, or with me would escape suspicion. I know not what reasons the Em—r may have for keeping the letter I wrote you. In private life, these things are not permitted; but, I have too much respect for him, not to think, that he hath very good reasons to justify this step to himself, and if that is the case, any complaint from me, is unnecessary. Set your heart at rest, I have destroyed your letter of the 31st of March, which would have given me much real concern, had it not been accompanied by that of the 4th of April. It is cruel to believe an innocent man guilty, even without disclosing to another, our belief of his criminality, we ought therefore to be extremely cautious in the indulgence.

Suspicions, without we have the strongest evidence on which to ground our belief of our venerable friend at Passy, writes that both you and Sir G. G. have been somewhat to blame; I am glad that you both are like to bury the hatchet.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * I think

that your Republic ought to grow bolder in proportion, as the English naval force diminishes in the seas of Europe. It appears, by the preparations at Cadiz, that both courts mean to push the war in the West Indies. The papers say elsewhere, of course the English must send an equal force to oppose them, and themselves weak at home, why may not the crisis arrive that your country, and the neutral powers, may have their town to bully? The fleet from Cadiz, will sail in a few days, if it hath not already sailed. Several vessels have arrived in the ports of Spain from America, and by all accounts, the fleet in which Sir H. Clinton embarked, was wholly dispersed, as it was not arrived in any port of America the 17th of February. I have a letter dated the 10th of March, from Newberry. The Congress consist of the same members, as when I left it, except Mr. Thomas Johnson, who replaces me, and another who replaces Mr. Dana. When you have opportunities of writing to America, write to the above mentioned countryman of mine, who is, perhaps, one of the ablest members now in Congress, and *my particular friend*. Write also to Governeur Morris, and inform both, that you do it at my desire. I have some reason to think that Mr. Laurens, has a mission to Holland. If he should arrive, your inclination will dispose you, to treat him with constant and assiduous respect. I say no more, for I have forgot the name of party, since I left America, from whence it was my constant aim to banish it; you will see from the manner in which I write to you, that your intreaties to continue my friendship unnecessary. The virtues of the heart, ought always to excuse the errors of the head, even if they were great, I do not mean to apply this to the present case, for I know not the circumstances sufficiently to judge. I hope and believe the Duc. De V—— is too good a man, not to be of the same opinion. I am much obliged to you, for the mention you make of me to the P——, you will continue to do it, with a certainty that the best wishes for his reputation and success, proceed from a sincere heart. Calm, my good friend, the agitations of your mind, which much distress me. Be cautions of my letters, though they contain nothing but the dress of my thoughts, of which I should be much ashamed. Mr. T. desires his respects—I only read such parts of your letters to him, as speak of himself, repeating the substance of the news, they may contain. Adieu.

Yours, &c. &c.

P. S. My best compliments to Messrs. N—, they have received a letter from me, ere this.

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*Madrid, April* 10, 1780.

*My Dear Friend,*

You will before this reaches you, do me justice, and own me a tolerably punctual correspondent, since I have written to you very regularly, since I have been, until the present, and this defalcation proceeds from my absence, having been obliged to meet Mr. Jay, at Aranjuez, when the post arrived, which brought your letter of the 13th ult. I am much obliged to you, for your communications, that with respect to Prussia particularly. I have had frequent opportunities of talking with the Russian Minister here, and as he hath been inquisitive, I have taken the same liberty, the result confirms your intelligence. I have not had the least correspondence with the house you mention since I left Europe, but knowing no one else to whom to address myself at Amsterdam, and wishing to write you as soon as possible, I was obliged to make use of their mediation. Your desire therefore, will be punctually complied with; you see I have the same faith in you, that others had in your predecessor in the wilderness, he was a preacher of glad tidings, in which I hope you will, without being a prophet, have occasion to follow his example. Mr. Jay is well received here, as I have been by all ranks of people. The expedition hath or will sail soon from Cadiz. Mr. Jay reflects with pleasure, that his name is on the list of those who signed your commission, he only regrets that it was not to another since, of a more ample nature. I have never received your letter, sent to Doctor Franklin. How long will the patience of your countrymen, bear the anglomanies you speak of. I beg you to be very particular on this subject. Can you not contrive to see the Spanish Em—. I have written to Mess. De Veufrille, you must be both the interpreter of my letter, and of my heart to them, which is never more sincere, than when I assure you, how much I am your obliged and humble servent.

W. C.

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*Brusseles, April* 13, 1780.

*Sir,*

There has appeared in the Courier du Bas-Rhine, No. 27, April 1, 1780, a piece said to be an extract from an authentic letter, written from

Philadelphia, which begins thus, 'Monsieur, vous voulez que je vous rende compte duv rai etat de nos affaires.'

I am informed that this piece was furnished by you, to the Editor of the Bas Rhine Gazette, but as I know there are times in which misinformation is too current, especially in what concerns America, I cannot give implicit faith to such information, without it is confirmed to me by yourself. I therefore presume you will not think it improper in me, to request of you, that you will candidly tell me, whether you did, or did not furnish the Editor of the Bas Rhine, with the above mentioned piece.

I have the honour to be, with
due respect, Sir, your most
obedient servant.
W. LEE.

[*To be Continued.*]

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

John Bioren and T. L. Plowman have issued proposals for publishing, by SUBSCRIPTION, a mode of printing which is almost a part of the law of the land in America, the History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution; to which is prefixed a review of the causes of that event, by Alexander Stephens, Esq. of the honourable society of the Middle Temple. This work, of which we have had only a transient glimpse, is written in a style highly polished, and not unlike the manner of GIBBON. Of the author's principles we have but an imperfect knowledge; but it should seem from some passages in his history, that he is an apologist for some of the excesses of the republicans. If, however, we give full credit to his motto, he must be acquitted of any sinister intentions in framing his narrative. For he tells us, in a quotation from the introduction of Sallust to his history of the plot of Catiline, 'Statui res gestas populi Romani strictim, uti quæque memoria digna videbantur, præscribere: eo magis, quod *mihi a spe, metu, partibus reipublicæ animus liber erat.*' If this motto be appropriate, the historian may be honest even in the excess of zeal, and he would not afford us the first example of a man biassed toward a rotten cause, and partial even to prejudice, without the least consciousness of the delusion.

If this performance be a *legitimate* history, and candidly unfold nothing but the tryth, respecting the French jacobins, it deserves regard from a circumstance, not often slighted in the calculations of American economy. The London edition is sold for *twenty-five* dollars, and this is offered for *four*.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The business of instructing youth, though one of the most important, is at the same time one of the most painful and thankless employments in America, especially since parents have began to set so small a value on Learning, and children claim all the rights of sovereign people. Strictly speaking, there is not a boy in the United States. Infants, and children, and idiots, every possible form of ignorance, every possible form of weakness, every possible form of audacity, are perfectly free, sovereign, and independent under the indulgent sway of a sort of *Indian Democracy*.

—

We are impatient, says a venerable friend, to hear of the event of the projected invasion of Great Britain by the French, and hope it will be the ruin of Buonaparte, either by his being knocked on the head in the voyage, or by the French restoring their king in his absence. Our Democratic news writers are making themselves very merry in the prospect of the success of the French, in this expedition, but we ardently hope, that Providence will not abandon Great Britain. Men do not consider, that if England were conquered, America would immediately become a Province of the great nation; this is perhaps, what the Jacobins wish, in hopes that Mr. Jefferson may be appointed Viceroy, but this event may be doubted, as Buonaparte has a brother in this country, for whom he may design that America should be an *appanage* or provision; and as the First Consul is a maker of Kings, he may give *Jerome* that title.

—

Miss Sewards' Memoirs of the life and writings of Dr. Darwin have appeared.

—

A new periodical paper, under the title of '*The Man in the Moon*,' has lately commenced in London.

—

A fellow of a college, whose name was Backhouse, pronounced *Bacchus*, once discovered a fellow collegian sprawling at full length on the floor, and full of the juice of the grape. Backhouse attempted to lift up the prostrate toper, who, recovering his recollection, exclaimed, from Horace—

Quo me, *Bacche*, rapis, tui
Plenum?

—

Looking over some old papers, we found the following exordium to a New Year's Ode, published, some time since, at some village in Vermont, and written by S. Spunkey, Esq. a relation of the *Butler* family. The lover of Hudibras will be delighted with the double rhymes for which our American wag is so happily distinguished.

The Federal Bard, who erst bestow'd
On Walpole press a New-Year's Ode,
Which critics, with sagacious noddle,
Affirm was built on Homer's model;
And who, by dint of love-lorn ditty,
Can melt a marble heart to pity,
Dissolve in sympathy a rock,
Inspire with love a barber's block—
By magic harmony, with ease,
Excite a grove of hemlock trees;
Like Orpheus, stray o'er hill and hollow,
And bid the rapt Aschutney follow—
Can call to earth the list'ning moon,
While forests dance a rigadoon,
And, scarce outdone by Macbeth's witches,
Attune the spheres to highest pitches,
Now, glowing with poetic fire,
Awakes to ecstacy the lyre!
Ye Gods and Goddesses, who traffic
In cantos, odes, and lays seraphic,
Apollo and Aonian ladies,
Whose lives are made of merry May days,
Who sometimes warble lays diviner,
If possible, than even mine are;
Bring violins and flutes sonorous,
To aid the song, and swell the chorus!
Borne on poetic wings, we rise,
Like blazing rockets, to the skies,
Astride a sun-beam, soar awhile,
Above old Homer many a mile,
While mortals gaze, and, turning pale,
Mistake *us* for a comet's tail,
Which indicates, by corruscations,
The Devil's to pay among the nations!

—

Dr. Brewster was put out of *commons* for *missing chapel*, on which occasion he made the following epigram:

To fast and pray we are by heaven taught,
O could I practice either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty's such
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

The ingenuity of this epigram procured his immediate restoration.

A new poem, ironical, Hudibrastical, and satirical, has recently appeared in London, entitled, 'Terrible Tractoration, a poetical petition against galvanising trumpery, and the Perkinistic institution.' It is thus commended by the British Critic.

It has a considerable share of Hudibrastic drollery. The author is particularly happy, with a few exceptions, in his ludicrous compounded rhymes, and has many other qualities to insure no trifling success in doggrel verse. For instance:

For I could quote, with flippant ease,
Grave Galen and Hippocrates,
Brown, Cullen, Sydenham, and such men,
Beside a shoal of learned Dutchmen. p. 2.

For bottled urine has, no doubt,
In public mail been frank'd about,
(A thing there must be monstrous trouble in)
To London, as it were, from Dublin.
That such a man as Doctor Mayersbach,
(Such things took place not many years back)
May view the *uric oxyd's* basis,
And tell exactly what the case is.

This truly ingenious and original piece of levity, at the expense of the medical opponents of the celebrated Dr. Perkins, has already reached a second edition. The author's ambition, as he declares in his preface, has been to produce an original performance, and avoid all servile trick and 'imitative knack' of ordinary dealers in rhyme.

—

When Barry and Garrick were rival players of Lear, the town was amused by the following neat epigram:

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A king? aye every inch a king—
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

—

Epigram on Sir Thomas More, attributed to Lord Bacon.

When *More* some time had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same will never *more* be seen,
Till *More* Be there again.

—

A most exquisite reasoner, and one of the purest of the English writers, arguing strenously against that democratic device, absurdly called a *reform* in the English Parliament, says very truly—an *independent* House of Commons is no part of the English Constitution, the excellence of which consists of being composed of three powers, mutually dependent on each other. Of these if any one would become independent of the other two, it must engross the whole power to itself, and the form of the government would be immediately charged. This an *independent* House of Commons actually performed in the last century, *murdered* the king, *annihilated* the peers, and established the * *worst kind of democracy*, that ever existed; and the same confusion, would infallibly be repeated, should we ever be so unfortunate as to see another.

* The usurpation of Oliver Cromwell forms a singular era, in the history of human folly, and wickedness. By an inhabitant of another planet, it would be scarcely credited, that a magnanimous nation, full of learning, loyalty and piety, should be domineered over by a gang of rebels, and hypocritical fanatics, more loathsome for their stupidity, canting, and vice, than any banditti of impostors, of which history makes any mention. Note by the Editor.

The eminence of Cowper, as a poet, is acknowledged by a very great number of persons; and however, in numerous instances, he may sink the dignity of language in colloquial familiarity, his general merit is incontestible. If he sometimes creeps with the ant, he at others soars with the eagle, and lights his poetic reed at the fountain of day. It has been objected that his descriptions are local, and that he has neglected general beauty for individual delineation, but are the features he has described unworthy of the choice?

—

In Ireland, among all who are sincerely loyal, there reigns a zeal of loyalty and patriotism, that has scarce been equalled in any other time or country. The yeomanry compose a force, of which the loyalty, gallantry, and discipline, are not to be exceeded. They are so much the more ardent in their loyalty, because they have been harrassed by the crimes of rebellion, and have had to oppose it, to bloodshed. Preparations are at present made around the coasts, and throughout the interior country of Ireland, to resist any invading enterprize of the French, with an activity and an alacrity, from which it is reasonable to expect, the completest security. Lord Cathcart has succeeded General Fox, in the chief command of the forces. The administration of the Earl of Hardwick, as Lord Lieutenant, and of Mr. Wickham, as his secretary, oontinue to be highly acceptable to the inhabitants of Ireland.

—

Counterfeit *eagles* are said to be in circulation, of the impression of 1801. The face of *Liberty* is very poorly executed, and by a slight inspection, the false ones may be easily detected. It is a matter notorious through our country, that the *Federal Eagle* has been very much debased for two or three of the last years, by the substitution of a meaner metal. 'The fine gold has really become dim.' [*Farmer's Museum.*

—

A PARODY OF AN ODE BY ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTS POET.

This ODE has been admirably set to Music by Mr. DIBDEN.—It is we understand, the first number of a set of Martial Songs, which are to be occasionally published.

Britons! who, in rapt'rous strains
Of Agincourt's and Cressy's plains,
Oft have sung—to foreign chains,
You who ne'er have bent the knee,—
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour,
See approach fell Gallia's pow'r—
Rapine, chains, and slavery!

Who would be a traitor—knave,
Who would fill a coward's grave,
Who so base as be a slave?—
Traitor—coward—turn, and flee:—
Whom can empty threats appal?—
Fly to Glory's clarion call!—
Freemen stand, or Freemen fall!
Sons of Britain—on wi' me.

Parents, wives, and children dear,
Your's are gen'rous toils to cheer;
Arm'd for you, we know not fear—
For you, our laws, and liberty:
Tho' Austria shrink—tho' Prussia fail,
Tho' tenfold perils aye assail—
Still shall British arms prevail,
Alone shall Britain conqu'ror be.

By Helvetia's cries and moans,
By England's wrongs, by Europe's groans
Open, Earth!—receive our bones—
Drink our blood—or keep us free;
Lay each rash invader low—
Ruffians fall in ev'ry foe—
Freedom strikes in ev'ry blow!—
Freedom—who'll not bleed for thee!

On ravag'd Egypt's blood-stain'd sand,
Shrunk not France's scatter'd band,
Crush'd by Britain's vengeful hand?
What then here shall be their fate?—
Think, brave youths, on Nelson's fame,
On Abercromby's trophied name,
And let each blow in blood proclaim,
Equal valour, deadlier hate!

Soldiers!—our's a glorious part:
God of battles! steel each heart,
Valour, strength, and fire impart!
Now to our high destiny,
'Fall or conquer.'—Blush, bright Sun,
Should thou see us backward run;—
'Till the bloody battle's done,
On!—to death or victory!!!

[*Lon. paper.*

—

It is common for ladies to dress the hair with a *twist*. The poor head inside is sometimes suspected of the like *ornament*. [ib.

—

*Flat* is a very significant word to attach to the new boats intended to invade this country. The French, who have always been famous for *dancing*, are anxious to shew us the effects of their *footing* here, when we shall certainly make them *dance to some tune*. [ib.

—

Mr. Sheridan dined a few days ago at Richmond Park, the *invasion* was so much the subject of conversation, that the Minister by way of *experiment*, got a little more than *half-seas over*. [ib.

—

On the first of May, 1782, when debates ran high against the influence of the Crown, and the *patriots* insisted much on the *majesty* of the *people*, George Selwyn, happening, with some friends, to meet a party of chimney sweeper's boys, decorated with gilt paper and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, 'I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the *young princes*. [ib.

—

Last week a bill of Madame Bonaparte's, for £300. drawn by a Nursery-man, at Kensington, for plants and shrubs, was returned with this notice, 'the Treasurer has no instructions.' [*ib.*

—

On the 23d of August, Mr. Harding, an eminent printer and bookseller of Liverpool, possessed of 11,000l. in bank property, cut his throat under hypochondriac terrors, as was asserted, of the threatened invasion of England.

—

The following from a British Magazine of *November*, the latest received in this country, exhibits a glorious picture of the spirit, and generosity of a nation, in which timidity and ingratitude are not considered, as *virtues*.

Onr country may now be considered, as fully engaged in a contest, from which there is no retreat—from which *there is no disposition to retreat*. So much has martial ardour outrun precedent, that arms are not to be found for the men who stand prepared to wield them.

While our soldiers and sailors are fighting for the safety and existence of England, as an independent nation, their countrymen who are less exposed to the immediate dangers of war, feel a lively interest in their welfare. Such a fund as that at Loyd's Coffee-house, no other country can boast. The distresses of the widows and orphans of those who fall in battle, has long been deplored, and, we trust, will hereafter be mitigated as far as pecuniary assistance can effect that purpose. Life cannot be recalled by gold; but gold will supply a maintenance prematurely cut off. The evils of war cannot be annihilated, but all possible alleviation is now attempted by means of those *liberal* and *honourable* contributions. 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.'

In his essay on Greatness, Cowley quaintly says, 'I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were to fall in *love* again, which is a *great* passion, and, therefore, I hope I have done with it, it would be, I think with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty.

—

Mr. Jenyns, in the year 1782, advanced the following sentiments, which experience, truth, and prophecy, may claim as their own.

France thought no expense too great, which would involve us in a contest with America, and procure our defeat. This,* with the unremitted assistance of English patriotism, she at length accomplished; but what was the consequence? why the very reverse of what our enemies hoped for, and we apprehended. Our commerce is not less, our wealth is greater, and our credit better than they were before the commencement of the war. We are enriched both by the contest, and by the loss of that for which we contended; by the first, because by that our debt is augmented, which can be proved to be our riches; and by the latter, as by that no inconsiderable sums are retained and circulated at home, which would otherwise have been annually expended to defray the useless expenses of American jobs. On the contrary, France is so exhausted that she has been obliged to abandon the pursuits of conquest and dominion, and suffer them to be wrested even out of her jaws, without a struggle. Besides which, her people, by their transatlantic connections, have catched such an idea of liberty, as will not easily be eradicated, without the loss of more blood than the present state of her constitution will bear.

—

The following wish, by Dr. Aikin, is well expressed in one of the most popular measures of the English ballad.

On the slope of a hillock, be plac'd my retreat,
With a wood at its back, and a stream at its feet;
In front be a meadow, rich, verdant, and gay,
Where my horse and a cow may find pasture and hay.

A beauteous garden I must not be without,
With walls and high hedges, well fenc'd all about,
All blushing with fruit, and all fragrant with flowers,
With dry gravel walks, and with sweet shady bowers.

For my house, if 'tis lightsome, and roomy and warm,
Fit to take in a friend, and to keep out a storm,
I care not a straw whether brick, stone, or plaster,
And if 'tis old fashion'd, why so is the master.

An old friend from the town shall sometimes take a walk
And spend a day with me in sociable talk,
We'll discuss knotty matters, compare what we've read,
And, warm'd with a bottle, move gaily to bed.

When evenings grow long, and we're gloomy at home,
To vary the scene 'mong my neighbours I roam,
See how the world passes, collect all the news,
And return with a load of new books and reviews.

In short, 'tis the sum of my wish and desire,
That cheerfulness ever my breast should inspire,
Let my purse become light, and my liquor run dry,
So my stock of good spirits hold out till I die.

—

Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of *Anacreon*, is appointed Private Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda. [*Lon. paper.*

* The author probably alludes to the *patriotic* declamation of the Earl of Surrey, 'that jockey of Norfolk,' and to the *valiant* campaigns of Sir W. Howe.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### LINES, WRITTEN NEAR THE SCHUYLKIL.

With what a feverish mind do I behold
These scenes, that witness'd oft as pure a love
As ever dwelt within a mortal breast;
When she, the dear companion of my walks,
At whose appearance nature seem'd to breathe
New fragrance round, and wear her sweetest smiles,
Would point each beauty to my raptur'd view!
Would bid me mark how white the hawthorn's flowers;
What verdure deck'd the lawn beneath our feet;
How gay the poplars, and amidst their green,
How pensive did the cedar's hues appear:
With what a majesty the setting sun
Casts his mild radiance on the winding stream,
Whose scarcely ruffled breast inverted shew'd
The various trees that on its borders grew,
And each light cloud that high in ether sail'd.
How sweet the robin trill'd his amorous lay;
How soft the wood-dove cooed unto her mate.
And then, when she has caught my wandering eyes,
Turn'd from the charms, which nature spread around,
To gaze on those a thousand times more dear,
How has she hid her face upon my breast,
And said she ne'er should make me nature's lover!
Ah! who could see her, and not nature love?
Oh she could bend me to her every will,
My soul's emotions all were in her power:
And yet, so gently did she bear her sway,
She never form'd a wish that was not mine.
I have known many, whom the thoughtless world
Would call more fair, more beautiful than she;
But never have my eyes beheld the face
Which more express'd that evenness of soul,
That meek sweet temper, which is ever pleas'd
When it can give delight; that mind, inform'd
By reason's precepts, candid and sincere;
That breast, by every gentle passion sway'd,
The throne of virtue, innocence, and truth;
And all those mental charms, by which the sex
Can make this world a paradise to man.
I oft have look'd upon her angel eyes,
To see sweet fancy sporting in their beams,
Have look'd until unutterable love
Has swell'd the tear of transport in my own.
I could not help it—I ne'er think on her,
But what my eyes are truants to my will,
And play the infant—
Here we stray'd.
How strongly memory paints upon my heart
That dear, dear glance, which first betray'd her love!
How widely different was her love from mine!
For tho' with such a warmth her bosom glow'd,
That she has often told me she could die,
If that would but insure my happiness;
Yet was it mild as is the solar ray,
In that soft season, when the plastic hand
Of nature moulds, for Amalthea's horn,
Her embrio fruits, and scatters wild her flowers.
Mine was the ardour of the mid-day blaze,
When on the torrid regions Phœbus pours
His fervid beams, and nature burns around.
Here, I have pluck'd the wild flowers for her breast,
And thought the simple blossom of the thorn,
Plac'd there, more lovely than the garden rose,
And sweeter than the violet of the vale.
Yet—why I know not—I would sometimes feel
As if those flowers should not be suffered there;
They might from her lov'd bosom steal its snows,
Or rob her balmy breath of half its sweets;
And I have taken them, unknown to her,
And torn their leaves, and strew'd them in our walks.
And once—such fancies fill a lover's brain!
Alas! that e'er their warning should be true—
I thought I heard a dying flowret say,
'Beware rash youth! those gusts of passion rule;
Torn from her breast, my fate may yet be thine!'

IL RITIRATO.

---

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### A PARAPHRASE FROM PHAEDRUS.

A cobler once, no able stitcher,
Observ'd, while other folks grew richer,
As none a second time would try him,
He scarcely earn'd a *sous per diem*:
Though great his *ends*, his means were small,
To pay his debts he gave his *awl*,
New trades his scheming noddle cast,
And thought each better than the *last:*
Resolv'd at length on his condition,
He mounts a wig, and turns physician.
Far from his native town he hies,
That none his phiz might recognize—
Though meanest of th' empiric tribe,
More ignorant than Doctor L——,
When blunders haply fail'd to kill,
Or nature cur'd, they prais'd his skill:
He thus made shift the hinds to pillage,
And rose the *Galen* of the village.
One morn, a trav'ler chanc'd to drop,
Before the door of Crispin's shop;
Out ran the young the sight to see,
Out ran the old, out ran M. D.
Who felt his pulse, then gravely said,
'Alas! my friends, the man is dead.'
The dead man then was heard to mumble,
'You're wrong! 'twas *gin* that made me tumble—
Why *Crispin!* damn it, don't you know me?
I'm *Hodge*, your next door neighbour—blow me!
Good folks, I need must grin; it monstrous odd is,
Where none would trust their *soals*, you trust your *bodies*.'

*MERCUTIO.*

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*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Your former compliance with my wishes induces me to repeat my request—the following lines are, therefore, submitted to you to be printed or burnt, as you shall think most proper.

Eheu! fugaces———
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis, et instanti senectæ
Afferet indomitæque morti.

HOR.

On swiftest pinions fly our years,
Or bright with joy, or dim with tears,
And bring declining age;
Naught can withstand time's sullen power,
Snatch from his grasp one fleeting hour,
Nor stay the spoilers rage.

The charms that youthful beauty deck,
The sparkling eye, the roseate cheek,
And every matchless grace,
Must yield to waning age and care,
That silver o'er her auburn hair,
And furrow the fair face.

With furious zeal the warrior glows,
The wreaths of conquest o'er his foes
To twine around his brow;
But stronger death, with swifter dart,
Ere long shall rive his swelling heart,
And lay the victor low.

With purer ardour glows the bard
To gain the poet's high reward,
Immortal praise the meed;
Soon lies unstrung the sacred lyre,
Deserted by the soul of fire,
Low droops his lifeless head.

But though the fair, the brave, the wise,
Must soon in darkness close their eyes,
And soon resign their breath,
Yet shall not piety preserve
Her sons, who ne'er from virtue swerve,
And ward the shaft of death?

Ah, could celestial virtue save
Her favour'd children from the grave,
Then would not Harvard mourn,
Then would not orphan'd kindred weep,
Nor science hallow'd vigils keep
O'er TAPPAN'S timeless urn.

*Cambridge.* H

---

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### ADDRESS TO W——, IN AUTUMN.

When fields were green, and forests gay,
And air, and earth, and ocean smil'd,
Cheer'd with the soft cerulean ray,
Content and ease my heart beguil'd;
I careless struck the trembling lyre,
And bade the rustic muse inspire.

When, lo! each sylvan grace had fled,
And all was silent, dark, and drear:
Fair nature's golden tresses shed,
And wrapt in gloom the waning year;
Touch'd by the rigid power of frost,
The season's purple hues were lost.

Yet memory o'er the ravag'd scene
Its glowing lineaments would cast;
Its vivid colouring tips the green,
As Boreas drives the hollow blast,
And where the frowning tempest raves,
Remembrance winds its refluent waves.

The rocks that crown the distant hill,
The path-way o'er the russet plain,
The waving oaks, the tinkling rill,
The robin's sweetly warbled strain—
The shepherd's cot, the village spire,
Are dress'd in fancy's warm attire.

Across the valley's verdant side,
Where flowrets breath'd their odours round,
The rustling leaves are scatter'd wide,
The meads by autumn's hand embrown'd,
And where the towering mountains lie,
A shadowy mist obscures the sky.

Say, shall the *social compact* fail,
When nature wears its sombre form?
Shall fleecy snows, and pattering hail,
And all that wings the louring storm,
With chilling coldness e'er depress
The roseate buds of happiness?

When rural beauties faintly gleam,
Hope bids her aerial train advance,
And o'er the bower, the brake, the stream,
She casts her ardent, eagle glance,
Affection blends a sparkling ray,
And all is tranquil, soft, and gay. E

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